

A Drop of Ink  
Makes Millions Think

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

HAVE YOU PAID THE GATE FEE?  
Fifty-two Entertainments  
ADMISSION, - - \$1.25 PER YEAR!

VOL. XXI.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1895.

NO. 25.

**S FOR**  
CURES SCROFULA,  
BLOOD POISON.  
**S THE**  
CURES CANCER,  
ECZEMA, TETTER.  
**S BLOOD**

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.  
Jno. B. Wilson,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
AND SURVEYOR.  
HARTFORD, KY.

J. W. LYTLE,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
OWENSBORO, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in Davies and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office in Bank of Commerce building.

O. M. Barnett,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. Collections a specialty. Office with the County Attorney.

E. P. NEAL,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in Davies and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office in courthouse.

B. L. KELLEY,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office with County Attorney.

W. H. BARNES,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office at Market street, next door to Bank of Hartford.

JO. B. ROGERS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Careful attention given to all business entrusted to him. Office in Bank of Hartford.

M. L. HEAVIN,  
HEAVIN & TAYLOR,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office at Market street, next door to Bank of Hartford.

JAMES S. GLENN,  
GLENN & WEDDING,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office at Market street, next door to Bank of Hartford.

Jas. A. Smith,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office north side public square.

GUFFY & RINGO,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office at West Market street.

J. Edwin Rowe,  
COUNSELOR AND ATTORNEY AT LAW  
OWENSBORO, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in Davies and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care.

J. H. WHITE

DENTIST  
HARTFORD, KY.

I am prepared to do all kinds of dental work at most reasonable prices. Office over the feed store of J. W. Ford & Co.

J. R. FITTLE

DENTIST  
HARTFORD, KY.

I am prepared to do all kinds of dental work at most reasonable prices. Office over the feed store of J. W. Ford & Co.

DENTIST  
HARTFORD, KY.

I am prepared to do all kinds of dental work at most reasonable prices. Office over the feed store of J. W. Ford & Co.

TOO MUCH.  
She had read in books of scientific lore  
Of the proper thing for babies, one or more.  
With a third for information she had studied  
Invention, and the road works on lactation by the nose.  
She declared that her baby was a sin,  
And the nurse was no place to put him in.  
And she wrote for publication on pronounced  
Registration, and she placed a placard  
On the pin.  
She had studied infants' cries and what they meant,  
And could locate a pain whenever the air was rent.  
She was upon inhalation and all manner of  
Nutrition, and she was in digestion con-  
fident.  
But when her baby came she lost her head,  
And every night was heard her howling  
And she got so agitated over each symptom in  
Floated that her husband, man fit faded,  
Turned and fled!  
—Tom Mamma in New York Sun.

## MY LORD ELEPHANT.

When I was stationed up in the hill country some 20 years ago, I used to be passionately fond of hunting. I had not been out from England long, and the novelty of following big game had not yet lost its charms. My duties did not occupy a great deal of my time, and I could afford to be about a week or ten days without serious inconvenience to any one. With a couple of natives and my old "Henry," I would set forth on Mowcha, my elephant. Mowcha was an exceptionally fine specimen of his race, endowed with all the virtues and but few of the vices. He was strong, patient, sensible and devoted to his master. He had never been used as a working elephant, but only for the purpose of the chase. You should have seen his unwieldy bulk making its way noiselessly through the thick jungle grass, his great feet lifted and put down with the utmost caution, his flexible trunk darting in all directions to scout the game, and his small eyes gleaming with excitement. He seemed to know instinctively the moment to fire, and then he would not move a muscle. You know it requires no small amount of nerve to stand perfectly still with a Bengal devil in a striped skin charging at one, and too often it happens that your well directed shot is spoiled by your elephant's speedy retreat.

The natives deemed Mowcha superhuman, on account of his intelligence and strength, and his mahout always called him my lord the elephant and treated him with the greatest respect. You know the Hindu belief—that the souls of one's ancestors have to reside for a period after death in the bodies of animals till they have atoned for their shortcomings on earth, and lest they might unwittingly treat some of their grandfathers or great-grandfathers with disrespect, which would be a criminal violation of their religion, it is their custom to give to each of the inmates of the jungle a particular title as, for instance, his highness, his majesty, his highness, his highness, and so on. Mowcha was my lord the elephant and his real name.

He was a great pet in the regiment, and for the children at the station there he was a terror. He used to trample the howdah, shrieking with laughter, and have a ride on Mowcha. He seemed to enjoy it as much as they did and carried his precious burden with the greatest dignity. He was really handsome, as elephants go, and looked best when adorned with his scarlet trappings and harness and bearing the howdah filled with merry children, and it was a pretty sight to see them afterward bestowing upon him his reward in the shape of pineapples, bananas and nutmegs, all of which he loved to stow away in his capacious stomach.

I tell you all these details that you may understand my grief when he suddenly disappeared one night in early spring. My lord the elephant had been restless for several days, his mahout informed me afterward, and that evening he had managed to break his chain and had vanished in the darkness. Whether he had been spirited away by a clever hunter, or whether he had wandered off for man long enough and would now return to his native woods and the society of his kind, we never knew, of course, but we missed him more than one would think, and for some time the cry among the children was, "If Mowcha were only here!"

I tried a number of other elephants for my hunting, but could not fill his place, and as my duties increased about that time my gun rarely left its case, and my cartridge belt hung unused on the wall.

About three or four years later I was invited to spend the Christmas holidays with an English friend who was giving a house party at his place farther up in the hills. I easily obtained leave and started off with the elephant, Mowcha. He had formerly been Mowcha's mahout, but after that brute's uncanny disappearance he had attached himself to me and proved to be a very handy fellow. We were mounted on hardy little ponies, and the day was about 50 miles, spending the night at the hut of one of the forest rangers who are stationed by the government as a guard along the edges of large and important forests.

The next day I plunged into the forest itself. Toward midday we were startled by hearing a fearful, thunderous roaring, as of some monster in its death agony. At that distance I did not recognize it as the voice of any wild animal I was acquainted with and turned to my mahout and said, "What is it?"

"It is a herd of elephants," he exclaimed, "and they are sounding their battle cry! If they come this way, it means certain death. We cannot escape them."

It certainly seemed as though they were headed in our direction, for the noise grew louder, and we could feel the ground trembling beneath us at the trampling of many feet.

"Follow me, sahib!" cried Mowcha as he threw himself from his horse and hastened to one of the larger trees, which he began to ascend with the utmost rapidity. I did the same, my progress being hindered, however, by my heavy riding boots. We had no time to secure our ponies, and the frightened animals, as soon as they were released, sprang nimbly through the thicket and disappeared, and with them, of course, vanished our only means of escape from the forest, even though the elephants should pass us by unharmed.

We reached our position of safety some 20 yards from the edge of the forest, where we were surrounded by a dense growth of trees and shrubs. I was looking for a place to hide, when I saw a large tree, which I had never noticed before, and I saw a large tree, which I had never noticed before, and I saw a large tree, which I had never noticed before.

"A Touching Incident."  
[An Irish Anecdote.]  
Events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy and ending often only with the termination of a miserable existence.

About nine o'clock of the evening of the last of the election a gentleman passing on Washington street in Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-dressed little fellow, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, running up from his map, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stooping it away safely in his pocket started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston.

He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold. The aid rendered the boy in the sale of his papers so generously and unselfishly by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and touching testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy among the poor rarely known in the higher walks of life.

A persistent pain in the back indicates trouble in the kidneys. To stay the progress of this disease, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

He Complained.  
[Washington Post.]  
They are telling a story at the expense of a very charming young North Carolina girl who lives here. It runs this way: The girl, as it is said, is charming, but like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening dresses in a season and the ruin of one of them was always a very anxious matter with her. She wanted a little dancing party, and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but if you don't mind—won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.  
And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose!

usage, it will retain its pretty shape a whole evening, if not longer."

In 1891 a patent was issued to a Boston woman on two somewhat novel devices. One of them was for restoring facial symmetry, and consisted of a spring plate with a head and two prongs or forks. The head was to be attached to the teeth and by placing the prongs inside of the mouth so that they would press outward against each cheek, caused the cheeks in time to look plump and full. The other was a finger compressor for making taper hands.

Another invention by the fair sex is a nose improver. It consists of a metal shell of the exact size of the nose desired. The nose is well bathed and then greased with olive oil or glycerine until perfectly soft. The improver is then attached and worn during the night. In this way, it is claimed, any nose may be changed to suit, the theory being that the nose is only a piece of cartilage and easy to change its shape.

Events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy and ending often only with the termination of a miserable existence.

About nine o'clock of the evening of the last of the election a gentleman passing on Washington street in Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-dressed little fellow, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, running up from his map, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stooping it away safely in his pocket started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston.

He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold. The aid rendered the boy in the sale of his papers so generously and unselfishly by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and touching testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy among the poor rarely known in the higher walks of life.

A persistent pain in the back indicates trouble in the kidneys. To stay the progress of this disease, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

He Complained.  
[Washington Post.]  
They are telling a story at the expense of a very charming young North Carolina girl who lives here. It runs this way: The girl, as it is said, is charming, but like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening dresses in a season and the ruin of one of them was always a very anxious matter with her. She wanted a little dancing party, and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but if you don't mind—won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.  
And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose!

usage, it will retain its pretty shape a whole evening, if not longer."

In 1891 a patent was issued to a Boston woman on two somewhat novel devices. One of them was for restoring facial symmetry, and consisted of a spring plate with a head and two prongs or forks. The head was to be attached to the teeth and by placing the prongs inside of the mouth so that they would press outward against each cheek, caused the cheeks in time to look plump and full. The other was a finger compressor for making taper hands.

Another invention by the fair sex is a nose improver. It consists of a metal shell of the exact size of the nose desired. The nose is well bathed and then greased with olive oil or glycerine until perfectly soft. The improver is then attached and worn during the night. In this way, it is claimed, any nose may be changed to suit, the theory being that the nose is only a piece of cartilage and easy to change its shape.

Events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy and ending often only with the termination of a miserable existence.

About nine o'clock of the evening of the last of the election a gentleman passing on Washington street in Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-dressed little fellow, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, running up from his map, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stooping it away safely in his pocket started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston.

He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold. The aid rendered the boy in the sale of his papers so generously and unselfishly by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and touching testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy among the poor rarely known in the higher walks of life.

A persistent pain in the back indicates trouble in the kidneys. To stay the progress of this disease, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

usage, it will retain its pretty shape a whole evening, if not longer."

In 1891 a patent was issued to a Boston woman on two somewhat novel devices. One of them was for restoring facial symmetry, and consisted of a spring plate with a head and two prongs or forks. The head was to be attached to the teeth and by placing the prongs inside of the mouth so that they would press outward against each cheek, caused the cheeks in time to look plump and full. The other was a finger compressor for making taper hands.

Another invention by the fair sex is a nose improver. It consists of a metal shell of the exact size of the nose desired. The nose is well bathed and then greased with olive oil or glycerine until perfectly soft. The improver is then attached and worn during the night. In this way, it is claimed, any nose may be changed to suit, the theory being that the nose is only a piece of cartilage and easy to change its shape.

Events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy and ending often only with the termination of a miserable existence.

About nine o'clock of the evening of the last of the election a gentleman passing on Washington street in Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-dressed little fellow, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, running up from his map, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stooping it away safely in his pocket started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston.

He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold. The aid rendered the boy in the sale of his papers so generously and unselfishly by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and touching testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy among the poor rarely known in the higher walks of life.

A persistent pain in the back indicates trouble in the kidneys. To stay the progress of this disease, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

He Complained.  
[Washington Post.]  
They are telling a story at the expense of a very charming young North Carolina girl who lives here. It runs this way: The girl, as it is said, is charming, but like a great many other charming people, she is poor. She never has more than two evening dresses in a season and the ruin of one of them was always a very anxious matter with her. She wanted a little dancing party, and she wore a brand new white frock. During the evening a great big red faced, perspiring man came up and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at his well meaning but moist hands despairingly and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said with a winning smile:

"Of course I'll dance with you, but if you don't mind—won't you please use your handkerchief?"

The man looked at her blankly a moment or two. Then a light broke over his face.

"Why, certainly," he said.  
And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose!

usage, it will retain its pretty shape a whole evening, if not longer."

In 1891 a patent was issued to a Boston woman on two somewhat novel devices. One of them was for restoring facial symmetry, and consisted of a spring plate with a head and two prongs or forks. The head was to be attached to the teeth and by placing the prongs inside of the mouth so that they would press outward against each cheek, caused the cheeks in time to look plump and full. The other was a finger compressor for making taper hands.

Another invention by the fair sex is a nose improver. It consists of a metal shell of the exact size of the nose desired. The nose is well bathed and then greased with olive oil or glycerine until perfectly soft. The improver is then attached and worn during the night. In this way, it is claimed, any nose may be changed to suit, the theory being that the nose is only a piece of cartilage and easy to change its shape.

Events are constantly occurring in large cities which illustrate the struggle for life among the poor, beginning literally in infancy and ending often only with the termination of a miserable existence.

About nine o'clock of the evening of the last of the election a gentleman passing on Washington street in Boston, was asked by a small boy to buy a paper.

"How is it," he inquired, "that you haven't sold your papers before this?"

"I've sold all mine. These are the other little fellows, and I'm helping him clean 'em out."

"Where is the other little fellow?"

"Oh, he's there in the entry."

The gentleman looked and saw a boy fast asleep upon the stairs. "How old is he?" he inquired.

"Oh, about six, and he lives in South Boston, and don't want to go home till he's sold out."

The evening was damp and chilly, and the sight of the poor, half-dressed little fellow, tired out and asleep upon the stairs, so tenderly moved him, that he purchased his remaining stock of papers, to the great delight of the child, who, running up from his map, and shivering with cold, gladly took the quarter of a dollar given to him in the palm of his little hand, which was not much larger than the coin he received, and stooping it away safely in his pocket started off on a run for his home, a mile or more away, in South Boston.

He was probably afraid of punishment if he returned with his papers unsold. The aid rendered the boy in the sale of his papers so generously and unselfishly by his associate, though but a child himself, was another and touching testimony to the strength and beauty of that common bond of sympathy among the poor rarely known in the higher walks of life.

A persistent pain in the back indicates trouble in the kidneys. To stay the progress of this disease, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

## WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

IS "ARGON," THE NEW ELEMENT  
IN THE AIR.

Scientists Believe They Are Now  
on the Eve of Discovering  
the Cause of Many  
Puzzling Things.

MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.  
[New York World.]

The aurora borealis has now been explained as the work of argon, the new element in the atmosphere revealed to the scientific world only a few months ago, and savants are asking in amazement what further chemical discoveries are impending. Mysteries which for ages have puzzled men of science may, it is pointed out, find their solution in argon, a basic element hitherto unsuspected, which is destroying all the old laws and setting up new ones.

Who is to say where the frenzy of experiment which has now seized the scientific world over this new substance may not end?

Who can tell what resolutions are impending as the new gas is condensed and tested and as soon as one scientist after another contributes the results of his work to the general knowledge?

But a few months ago and argon, nature's noblest phenomenon, and a never ending puzzle to scientists, is explained by its action. A few months or even weeks hence no one can tell what other mysteries may not also be solved, and from day to day the field is broadening in the pathway of discovery along which the thoughts of the scientific world are now directed. A gas present in stupendous quantity has been found which reveals strange qualities and bears a relationship to light and heat that is yet mysterious. Without it human life would be impossible, and under its influence electricity is curiously affected.

Tested under the spectroscopic, argon is found to have light giving qualities. It is also mysteriously affected by heat and cold. At these phenomena the men of science are astounded. Here, it is admitted, may be a discovery greater than that of electricity, more revolutionary in its effects than that of steam itself.

The primal and hitherto undreamed of cause of many of the forces of nature may at last have been unearthed. There is hypnotism for instance, a strange, mysterious force, well recognized, but unexplainable by known laws. Argon, it is suggested, may lie at the bottom of this scientific mystery. By breathing it into the lungs in greater or less quantity, the human system may become charged with this new gas, which, having mesmeric influence of its own, may affect the wills of other individuals.

In medicine this new gas, which, condensed, looks like cheese, may play a most important part, yielding to the physician drugs and fluids of the greatest potency. It may cure diseases, refresh exhausted natures and be the veritable elixir of life which shall banish death. Affecting the brain, it may excite opium or alcohol in exhilaration, and emotions like fear or love may be under its control. In explosive force argon may excel dynamite. Being lighter than air, argon may lift balloons to illimitable heights and cause men to fly. The cause of the aurora, it may dispel the night. It may be the essential principle of electricity, the potential force of energy or that missing link of science, the primal cause of life.

These are a few of the outcomes of argon which are now visible to the scientific mind as results attainable in the near future. No one can tell what discoveries are at hand, while the news of argon's solution of the aurora is still fresh from the laboratory.

For countless ages men have viewed with wondering awe the brilliant interplay of prismatic colors which at rare intervals have irradiated the northern heavens at night, and returning travelers from the Arctic have told how, to the very zenith, some gigantic brush seemed nightly to have revealed in a many-colored painting of the sky as luminous as it was evanescent.

It was the eminent French scientist, Prof. Berthelot, who sought to ascertain whether argon might not explain the aurora and whose work has now been crowned with victory. During February he had received from Prof. Ramsey a tube containing some of the new gas.

Prof. Berthelot at once began a series of investigations to ascertain, first, the chemical combinations into which the new gas might be induced to enter, and, second, to secure a comparison of the spectrum of argon with that of the aurora borealis. Prof. Berthelot found that argon could be induced under electrical influences to combine with hydrogen, which some chemists still consider to stand in the same relation to argon as does oxygen to ozone.

"When," said Prof. Berthelot in describing his experiments, "I passed the silent electrical discharge through the tube of argon, there resulted a very feeble violet flame or glow, visible only in perfect darkness. Then I introduced two drops of benzene into the tube and submitted it to a mild continuous current of electricity for ten hours. I found that 11 per cent. of the gas had been absorbed, or rather that the origi-

nal 100 volumes had been reduced to 89. I submitted the remainder to electric discharge at a higher tension and in three hours this 89 volumes had been reduced to 64.

"A third time I placed the gas, mixed with benzene, to a high current from a Bunsen battery, and the gaseous residue was only 32. This last product was not pure argon, as it was mixed with the products of electrical reaction on the benzene. The 32 volumes of gas proved to be made up of 13.5 parts of hydrogen, 13.5 parts of vapors of benzene, and 17 parts of argon. The solid residuum consisted of a yellow resinous substance, deposited upon the walls of the tube. It was volatilized easily by heat and left an abundant charcoal deposit. The vapors were alkaline apparently, but the quantities were too small for reliable analysis.

"During these experiments in passing electric currents through argon mixed with benzene I obtained splendid displays of colors similar in every respect to those of the aurora borealis. Testing these with the spectroscopic, the identification seemed fully confirmed.

It will be necessary to investigate further with larger quantities of the new gas, but the results already obtained certainly suggest that the aurora borealis is caused by the action of electric currents upon the argon and other elements in the atmosphere."

The "Northern Lights," which have so long puzzled mariners and scientists and frightened superstitious people, have thus been actually produced upon a small scale in the darkened laboratory of Prof. Berthelot. In the blackness of the night he obtained, he says, "splendid displays of color similar in every respect to the aurora borealis," and the playing of the lambent flames was coincident with a strange change in the chemical formation of the new gas.

The argon appeared to be consumed by the little aurora borealis it was throwing off before the astonished and delighted eyes of the man of science. How large an aurora he can now produce appears, moreover, to be only dependent upon the quantity of argon he can procure, and when this gas becomes a purchasable commodity this beautiful experiment will be within the reach of every amateur.

An immense field, it has been suggested, has been opened up by this astounding discovery, and the hope has even been expressed that here may be the light of the future, which will displace electricity, as the latter is displacing gas. The quantities of argon in the atmosphere are illimitable and unmeasurable.</